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art which has been so aptly defined as "frozen music." Like the shifting cities of some radiant western cloudland, his sentences meet without a shock, blend, dispart, and close again, holding us breathless as we await new visions of enchantment. Perhaps I am over-fanciful, or eye-minded, but De Quincey's sentence-forms have always somehow appealed to my sense of sight. Not, however, by any means to sight alone: like the Theban wall Amphion built, these stately fabrics rise "like an exhalation," to the dulcet piping of the flute. De Quincey's castles lie in a zone of comfortable warmth where it is impossible that the music should ever become "frozen."

This architectural music is a sensuous quality of style; the other most marked quality is a purely intellectual one. I refer, of course, to what he himself termed his "philosophy of transition and connection" in sentences and paragraphs. Open any one of these fourteen volumes at any page, analyze there the tissue of the style, and you will discover that it is one-third or one-fourth connective tissue. One-third or one-fourth of the words, phrases, and clauses will be found to contain no thought in themselves; they are conjunctive in character, referring backward to what has been said, forward to what is to be said; not bone and blood and muscle, but ligament and tendon. This is generally true whether the subject be grave or gay, humorous or tender, narrative or descriptive, or philosophic. The reason lies, doubtless, in the fact that no matter how frivolous is his pretext for writing, no matter how ingenious in turning and doubling is the hare he starts, no matter how crotchety his paradox, the calm and learned thinker is always present who can say nothing that is not worth remembering. And so he gives nudges to our memory in shape of these backward references, and sharpens our curiosity by means of the forward references. Evidently, also, he is conscious of his tendency to digress, and is thus the more upon his mettle to exhibit the latent connection between theme and excursus. Whatever be the reason, he is of all English writers, except possibly Burke, the most scrupulous adept in "the philosophy of transition and connection."

These are the two great features of De Quincey's style. Of its many minor features, its thousand studied charms, I have no space to treat. Nor can I more than allude to his unconscionable digressiveness; in this article he is the most arrant of sinners, and his most thorough-going admirers can do nothing but

turn him over, with a sigh, to the cruel mercy of the critics. But even this naughty trick endears; partly because of this foible, a few people are perverse enough to prefer their darling De Quincey to others more "coldly correct and critically dull."

Of the present admirable, indeed monumental, edition, I have already spoken at length in *THE DIAL* (June, 1890). What was said then need not now be repeated. Suffice it to say that Professor Masson has once for all provided the most miscellaneous and occasional of great writers with the proper apparatus,—in the shape of introductions, epilogue, explanatory notes, bibliography, and index,—essential to the reader who stands to De Quincey in the attitude of posterity. We must believe that posterity will long bear him in glad remembrance; and who can say how much of his fame, how many a present and future reader, our author will owe to his vigilant and modest editor. We need not imitate poor dear De Quincey either in his opium habit (though one might be glad to eat opium to so good purpose as he!), or in his equally ingrained habit of digression; but, thanks to Professor Masson, we may now read and enjoy forever this supplest, gayest, and at times stateliest of English writers. Those who overlook De Quincey do so to their own loss; for of the harmonies of prose there is no greater master.

MELVILLE B. ANDERSON.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.*

That the migratory instinct which tempted our old-world ancestors to face in their chips of boats the perils of an unknown sea is strong

* *PARIS OF TO-DAY*. Translated from the Danish of Richard Kaufmann, by Miss Olga Finch. Illustrated. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

OUR ITALY. By Charles Dudley Warner. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

NOTO: AN UNEXPLORED CORNER OF JAPAN. By Percival Lowell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

JINRIKISHA DAYS IN JAPAN. By Eliza R. Scidmore. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

SPAIN AND MOROCCO: STUDIES IN LOCAL COLOR. By Henry T. Finck. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A FLYING TRIP AROUND THE WORLD. By Elizabeth Bisland. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THROUGH RUSSIA ON A MUSTANG. By Thomas Stevens. Illustrated. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

DIARY OF A PILGRIMAGE. By Jerome K. Jerome. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE WATERING PLACES OF THE VOSGES. By Henry W. Wolff. With a map. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

A SUMMER'S OUTING. By Carter H. Harrison. Illustrated. Chicago: Dibble Publishing Co.

in their descendants, is evidenced by the profusion and popularity to-day of Books of Travel and Description. If we cannot see foreign parts through our own eyes, we wish at least to see them through our neighbor's; and it is consoling to think how vastly better and more informing it is for many of us non-travellers to do our sight-seeing vicariously. For there are observers and observers; what each man sees and notes on his journey being to a surprising extent the fruit of his personal make-up, natural and acquired. For example: Rome, the eternal city, Byron's "Niobe of Nations" and "lone mother of dead empires," the most venerable and suggestive spot of earth to the thoughtful and the lettered, is to Mark Twain (we do not say to Mr. Clemens) a huge magazine of nonsense; dyspeptic Smith, whose diary, like his life, is "one long damn," returns from Venice, grumbling, out of sorts, having found, to accept his own account, in the bride of the Adriatic little save beggars, fleas, and damp sheets; while his fellow-traveller, whose digestion is good, brings away Arabian tales of flowering Titian and Tintoretto canvasses, moonlit canals resonant with the strain of the tuneful gondolier and lined with a marble fret-work of palace fronts,—the paraphernalia of the sea Cybele whose

"daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations."

It is not wholly an exaggeration to say that the tourist takes his own Italy, Spain, or France, abroad with him, as he does his trunk,—the accounts of no two individuals ever coinciding. We do not mean to imply that travellers are, as a class, inheritors of the spirit of Ananias, but that the truth is so largely relative to the beholder that the writer of books of the class under review, when charged with triteness of subject, may well say, with the irate Dr. Johnson, "Sir, you have not travelled over *my* mind, I promise you!" From all of which follows that a hint of stateness in the title of a travel-book need not of itself deter the reader; for there is no doubt that were an observer of the right stripe to "write up" for us an account of our own immediate street and neighborhood, we should be astonished to learn what an extremely curious and interesting spot one may inhabit without being in the least aware of it.

The most sumptuous book on our list is Richard Kaufmann's "Paris of To-day," translated from the Danish by Olga Flinch. Mr. Kaufmann's work is essentially a long series

of sprightly pen-pictures of modern Parisian life,—that of the sober left bank of the Seine, with its colleges, museums, laboratories, book-stalls, and staid, aristocratic St. Germain, as well as that of the right bank, the essential Paris, the city of Froufrou, the Mecca of the pleasure-hunter, with its teeming boulevards, miles of cafés and kiosks,—the enchanting place whither good Americans used to go when they died (they go to London now), and where, as the author observes, "the temptress only holds her net, and, like butterflies blinded by the sun, the poor dizzy children of the world tumble into it." It is no part of Mr. Kaufmann's plan to moralize upon the gay, bewildering, unthinking life of which he has so thoroughly caught the spirit; he simply holds the mirror up to all that is distinctively Parisian, wisely leaving the reader to his own reflections. Under the five general headings,— "Paris of To-day," "The Paris Street," "Paris from the Cradle to the Grave," "Theatres," "The Triumphs of the Exposition,"—he rapidly sketches working Paris, dancing Paris, literary, scientific, theatrical, and fashionable Paris, the life of boulevard and café, the students, the newsmen, the peddlers, Paris diners, soirees, funerals,—in brief, whatever is most interesting and characteristic in the external aspects of life in the gay capital. The make-up of Mr. Kaufmann's book is enticing—good print, good paper, a tastefully unique cover, and a profusion of well-chosen illustrations that admirably reflect the spirit of the text.

An exceedingly inviting volume is "Our Italy," containing a series of articles on Southern California originally contributed by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner to "Harper's Magazine." The illustrations are beautiful, the print and paper of the first quality, and the cover is a model of tasteful elegance. Taken together, these interesting papers form a reasonably thorough exposition of the prevailing conditions—climatic, social, and economical—of life in that favored, and much-debated, region toward which the eyes of so many Americans are anxiously turning. Mr. Warner has evidently framed his work with a view to satisfying every rational inquiry as to Southern California that might suggest itself to prospective pilgrims,—whether their aim be health, pleasure, or permanent residence. A great variety of facts are presented relating to hotels, scenery, seasons, qualities of soil, results and modes of irrigation, the fruit culture, land and

prices, the chances for laborers and small farmers, etc., all of which topics are treated intelligibly, and, to all appearance, impartially. Of Mr. Warner's ability to entertain his readers, we need not speak. The closing chapter contains a fine description of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado:

"We took a few steps, and the whole magnificence broke upon us. No one could be prepared for it. The scene is one to strike dumb with awe, or to unstring the nerves; one might stand in silent astonishment, another would burst into tears. . . . We looked up and down for twenty to thirty miles. This great space is filled with gigantic architectural constructions, with amphitheatres, gorges, precipices, walls of masonry, fortresses terraced up to the level of the eye, temples mountain size, all brilliant with horizontal lines of color—streaks of solid hues a few feet in width—yellows, mingled white and grey, orange, dull red, brown, blue, carmine, green, all blending in the sunlight into one transcendent suffusion of splendor. Afar off we saw the river in two places, a mere thread, as motionless and smooth as a strip of mirror, only we knew it was a turbid, boiling torrent, 6000 feet below us."

The book is one which those interested in California cannot afford to leave unread.

Mr. Percival Lowell's "Noto: An Unexplored Corner of Japan" is a travel-book somewhat in the sense that the "Reisebilder" or the "Sentimental Journey" are travel-books,—the journey serving mainly as a thread for the stringing of the author's vagrant fancies and graces of literary expression. Mr. Lowell's style is in general very pleasing, compact almost to a fault, abounding in quaint turns of thought and diction, and verging at times, as it seems to us, dangerously upon the "conceited"—in the Cowleyan sense, we mean. Noto, it seems, is a peninsula, due west overland from Tokio, reaching out into the Japan Sea; and the author decided to go to Noto for the cogent reason that the name pleased him. When one starts off in this way,—in either book or journey,—we know better than to look for statistics and hard facts of the "Gradgrind" order; and the reader who accompanies, figuratively, Mr. Lowell on his jaunt—by rail, boat, stage, horse-car, and jinrikisha—from Tokio to Noto, will know at the end of the trip rather more of his travelling-companion's impressions, fancies, daintinesses of diction, than of the guide-book realities of the route. All of which is meant without prejudice to Mr. Lowell's book, which is a charming bit of literature that will easily bear re-reading. And it is not without information. Scattered throughout its pages are sketchy descriptions of the native villages, tea-houses, inns, etc., with here and there a pretty bit of landscape or *genre*. If

we are to believe Mr. Lowell, the Japanese is more agreeable than usually represented; kindly hospitable, and not averse to the "foreign devil." The little volume is a very pretty one, tastefully bound and wellprinted.

A gossip, informing book is Eliza B. Scidmore's "Jinrikisha Days in Japan"—a collection of outline sketches gathered during a three years' residence in the Island Empire. Miss Scidmore describes the jinrikisha as "a big two-wheeled baby carriage," a "comfortable flying arm-chair, a little portable throne"; and the motive principle of this oriental cab or gondola is a muscular individual, clad in a "loose coat and waistcoat, and tights of dark-blue cotton, with straw sandals on his feet, and an inverted washbowl of straw covered with cotton on his head,"—the use and wear-and-tear of whose legs are rated at the moderate price of ten cents an hour or seventy-five cents a day. Of one of her jinrikisha men,—a Manx penny he must have been in the way of legs,—the author asserts that he often wheeled his "baby carriage" sixty or sixty-five miles a day for several days together. Miss Scidmore's book has plenty of local color, and is packed with information of the rapid, sketchy order. She shows us the priests, the pilgrims, the artists, the jugglers, and the delightful little Japanese children—quaint elves, with their black beads of eyes, shaven crowns, gay little kimonos, and their "wise, serene countenances which make them look like cabinet curios"; she takes us about the streets and into the country, and into palaces, temples, clubs, homes, theatres, and curio shops, and instructs us in the use of the chop-sticks, and in the construction of a native drama. The book is a pretty one externally, and is liberally illustrated.

Henry T. Finck's "Spain and Morocco" is an attempt to transfer to the pages of a book an impression of some of the most striking samples of local color met with during a two months' outing, the route embracing Madrid, Toledo, Cordova, Seville, Cadiz, Tangier, Tetuan, Gibraltar, Malaga, Granada, and Barcelona. Those who have read Mr. Finck's valuable book on California, published last year, need not be told that he is an observer who does not substitute fancy for fact. He has not viewed the land of the Cid through the usual rose-colored spectacles, but tells us in clear crisp English precisely what he saw,—not what he was predisposed to see or what he felt he ought to have seen,—preserving his

equilibrium even before the Alhambra. The freshest part of the route traversed by the author was that between Tangier and Tetuan, a journey through a delicious country musical with the songs of canary birds, and filled with blossoming oleanders which "gave the whole landscape a rose-colored tint, like Persian rose fields." The trip was made on horseback under the "protection" of a Moroccan soldier armed with a rifle "almost ten feet long, with a single barrel and a most primitive lock, and no doubt an exact copy of the first rifle ever made." This piece of artillery was "wrapped up carefully in a red flannel bag, tied up at both ends." The book conveys, on the whole, a favorable impression of Spanish travel. It is not so difficult, the hotels not so bad, nor the beggars so importunate, as of old it seems.

"The kernel of the Spanish people is sound and sweet. I have travelled a good deal, but nowhere have I found well-dressed people so willing to go several blocks out of their way to direct you to a certain street. They constantly do it, however much you may protest."

Mr. Finck writes pleasantly and naturally, and has a happy knack of hitting off humorously and vividly the little incidents and bits of by-play in street, café, and railway station, so indicative of national life and character. "Spain and Morocco" is a compact little volume that should usefully supplement the regular guide-book; and we commend it to tourists who intend following the route described.

Miss Elizabeth Bisland's book, "A Flying Trip Around the World," is the literary outcome of a phase of modern journalistic enterprise that takes the form of starting young women out to "beat the circumnavigatory record"—which, if our memory is not at fault, our author succeeded in doing. Miss Bisland's summons to depart was sudden and unlooked for—a thunder-clap out of a clear sky. The note from her employers was delivered with the breakfast tray at 8 a.m., and on the evening of the same day she was speeding across the continent—with "a steamer trunk, a Gladstone bag, and a shawl strap"—bent on girdling the earth in seventy-five days. The journey was made by way of San Francisco, Yokohama, Hong Kong, Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Aden, Port Said, Brindisi, Calais, Dover, and Queenstown, in seventy-six days, an unlucky mistake at Havre involving a delay of five days. We may say at once of this little volume that it shows a good deal of literary talent. The author writes easily and gracefully, and with a freedom of fancy and facility of allusion that

impart charm and freshness to her descriptions—which, considering the rate at which she was whirled through space, are graphic and accurate. Space limitations forbid our following Miss Bisland's flight in detail. It is pleasant to learn that "throughout the entire journey" she "never met with other than the most exquisite and unfailing courtesy and consideration"—a statement which a glance at the very attractive portrait prefixed to the volume puts beyond the shadow of a doubt.

In the summer of 1890, Mr. Thomas Stevens, of bicycle fame, rode horseback over a thousand miles through the heart of Russia, from Moscow to Sevastopol, and thence up the Don and Volga to Nijni Novgorod, to report for the "New York World." The details of this journey are now issued in book form, under the title "Through Russia on a Mustang." The volume is lively and informing, the newness of the country traversed and the author's novel mode of locomotion insuring the element of freshness. Mr. Stevens's preliminary adventures in search of a horse are very amusing, and he animadverts severely upon the mendacity of the native horse-dealers, whom he was obliged to abandon in despair. A horse was finally secured from an American "Wild West" show then exhibiting in Moscow; and this beast, felicitously called "Texas"—an animal "stiff in opinions" and, as the author feelingly testifies, generally "in the wrong,"—is the low comedian of the recital. There is plenty of quotable matter in Mr. Stevens's book,—it contains, by the way, an interesting interview with Tolstoi,—but our space is exhausted. A number of illustrations from photographs taken by the author are given. They are well chosen as to subject, but, unfortunately, owing to some defect in the printing, present a rather bleached-out appearance.

Getting fun out of an Englishman is commonly believed in this country to be a good deal like getting it into a Scotchman. Sunbeams may, however, be extracted from cucumbers; and Mr. Jerome K. Jerome—despite his birthplace—in his "Diary of a Pilgrimage" gives a laughable and very Mark Twainish account of his trip from London, *via* Ostend, Cologne, and Munich, to Oberammergau. While Mr. Jerome has, in this volume at least, clearly founded his style upon the "Innocents Abroad," he has a plentiful fund of humor of his own; indeed, the best parts by far of his book are those in which he gets farthest away from his prototype and forgets the stock exag-

generations as to German beds, waiters, cookery, phrase-books, etc., and the stock irreverences as to objects which everybody but professional humorists and touring ignoramuses treat with respect. In the midst of his fun, Mr. Jerome occasionally waxes critical—with good results:

"In the new Pantechnicon [a richly humorous rendering of Pinacothek, we suppose] is exhibited the modern art of Germany. This appeared to me to be exceedingly poor stuff. It seemed to belong to the illustrated Christmas number school of art. It was good, sound, respectable work enough. There was plenty of color about it, and you could tell what everything was meant for. But there seemed no imagination, no individuality, no thought, anywhere. Each picture looked as though it could have been produced by anyone who had studied and practised art for the requisite number of years, and who was not a born fool."

A Ruskin or a Hamerton could not have hit the nail on the head more exactly than Mr. Jerome has hit it—especially in his concluding sentence—which, be it remarked, does not apply to German art alone; and so long as brains are held to have nothing to do with the fine arts, and the "artist's" qualifications for his calling need not go beyond deft fingers, irregularities of costume and conduct, and a cheap ambition for shining in the eyes of the uninitiated, things are not likely to improve. In addition to the "Diary of a Pilgrimage," six "splendid essays" (so the author calls them) are given. The illustrations by G. L. Fraser are very amusing.

"Le médecine a le même pouvoir que la religion; elle fait entreprendre des pèlerinages," caustically observed M. de Voltaire, when about to set out for the baths of Plombières; and his remark, made one hundred and forty odd years ago, holds as true to-day as it did when fashionable Judea "took the waters" at Bethesda. No cure so popular as that which smacks of miracle; no doctor so charming as he who discards the commonplace of pill and potion, and exorcises the demon in a way at once agreeable to the patient and flattering to the imagination. Every year the victims of dyspepsia, gout, rheumatism, anæmia, and the thousand-and-one products of over-civilization, bundle off in shoals to the "Springs,"—to Carlsbad, Kissingen, Vichy. Mr. Henry W. Wolff's "The Watering Places of the Vosges" is an exposition of the distinctive merits and general characteristics of the group of medicinal springs—on which fashion has of late begun to smile—lying in that district of north-western France contiguous to Alsace, broadly known as "the Vosges." While it is hardly probable that Mr. Wolff's motives in heralding

the virtues of this region are purely Quixotic, his plea is a very reasonable one, based as it is on the variety and success of the waters, the cleanliness and cheapness of the hotels, the luxury of the baths, the moderation of the régime as compared with the German spas, the picturesque beauty of the region, and its easy accessibility from London and Paris. Taking the spas in turn—Plombières, Contrexéville, Vittel, Martigny-Les-Bains, Luxeuil, Bains-Les-Bains, Bussang, and the small Alsatian springs,—the author goes into a thorough description of each—hotels, history, baths, prices, scenery, etc.,—and furnishes a complete analysis of the waters. The book contains a good map of the district.

Last year Mr. Carter H. Harrison contributed to the "Chicago Tribune" a series of letters, written while on the wing, descriptive of a vacation jaunt to the Yellowstone National Park, Puget Sound, and Alaska. These letters, revised and enlarged, are now placed before the public in book form under the title "A Summer's Outing." The volume is vivaciously written, full of brisk good-humor and hearty appreciation of the sights and wonders of the regions visited, and contains a fair amount of information of the sort that will prove useful to tourists proposing to follow the author's footsteps. An attractive feature of the book are a number of well executed illustrations reproduced from photographs—a view of the Yellowstone Cañon being specially commendable. To "A Summer's Outing" is added "The Old Man's Story," a piece of fiction "thrown in"—as the author tells us with extraordinary frankness—"as filling between the covers."

EDWARD GILPIN JOHNSON.

THE PUEBLO INDIANS.*

Of late years, Southern Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona have furnished an admirable field in which to study the native red race of America, and already excellent results have been obtained. To the investigation of the "cliff-dwellings" and the ruined pueblos of the plains of the Southwest has been added a thorough and intelligent observation of the so-called Pueblo Indians of the present day, and the traditions preserved by them which identify them as the descendants of the former occupants of the numerous habitations whose ruins

* THE DELIGHT MAKERS. By Adolf F. Bandelier. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

have stimulated so much scientific inquiry. There is everything to indicate that they speak the same dialects, maintain the same social organization and government (except so far as directly modified by contact with European and finally American influences), the same religious rites, even in the face of missionary enterprises, the same customs, and, what is most important of all, the same esoteric societies which bear witness to their identity.

Foremost among the investigators of the subject as thus presented is Mr. Adolf F. Bandelier. His numerous contributions to the sciences of ethnology and archæology in the United States have marked him as a very careful and diligent observer. Valuable reports have been contributed by him to the Archæological Institute. One of these, "An Archæological Reconnaissance into Mexico in 1881," has been reprinted in a royal octavo volume of 326 pages, of which a second edition has been called for. It stands alone in American literature, in the richness of its scientific data and the interesting manner in which it is presented. Several others are devoted to the special subject of the Pueblos. These are only intended for the scientific reader, and not for popular perusal. But that the facts reported respecting the red race are of interest to the general reader, the author of these valuable reports has long been fully convinced. He has accordingly attempted "to make the 'Truth about the Pueblo Indians' more accessible and perhaps more acceptable to the public in general," by clothing in the garb of romance the sober facts which he has collated during eight years of residence among, and ethnological and archæological study of, these Pueblo Indians in New Mexico.

The tribe especially selected by the author for this popular exposition of life among the cliff-dwellings of what is at present known as Rito de los Frijoles, in the mountain ranges west of Santa Fé, New Mexico, is that of the Queres, who preserve to this day a tradition that their ancestors inhabited that cañon centuries ago. The time of the story is probably arbitrarily chosen, and is stated as "much anterior to the discovery of America, to the invention of gunpowder and the printing-press in Europe." The Queres, however, compose only one of several tribes mentioned, the dialects spoken by them differentiating them. "Pueblo" is a Spanish term signifying a village, and was applied by the early Spanish explorers to the sedentary Indians to distinguish them from

the nomadic savages. The Indians thus named were in the middle status of barbarism; *i. e.*, they practised the art of pottery, (which was the distinguishing mark between the lower status and savagery), and they employed stone and adobe in the construction of their buildings, which advanced them beyond the Indian tribes east of the Mississippi River, who were relegated to the lower status; but they were ignorant of the use of iron, and hence were excluded from the higher status. They were furthermore the first to rise to the dignity of cultivators of the soil. In common with all other tribes, they maintained a social system which had wholly disappeared from the continent of Europe centuries before, and was therefore totally different from any known to the Europeans who invaded the Southwest in the sixteenth century. Consequently it was never understood by the Europeans; and out of this misunderstanding has grown a general misconception of the Indian.

The social organization of the Pueblos was that known as "gentile,"—*i. e.*, by gens, kin, lineage, or clan, as it is variously called, as the unit of society. It was one of the oldest and most widely prevalent institutions of mankind, the almost universal plan of government of ancient society in each of the continents, and furnished the means by which society was primarily organized and held together. It began in savagery, continued through the three sub-periods of barbarism as the race developed, and was, by such tribes as attained to civilization, brought to the historical period. It gave place to the establishment of political government after the dawn of civilization. The gens, kin, or clan, comprised a female ancestor, her children, and the children of her female descendants. The children of her male descendants belonged to the *gentes*, kins, clans, or lineages of their respective mothers and traced their ancestry back in the female line to a different ancestor. It was a fundamental law that members of the same kin were not to intermarry. Hence a husband invariably belonged to a different consanguine group from his wife, and the children belonged to the kin of their mother. Hence what we would term "the family" was permanently divided. Each kin managed its own affairs, which, of right, were of no interest to any other kin. A wife spoke with her children, male and female, of matters of no concern to her husband and into which it were meddlesome for him to inquire.

Marriages were arranged by the kins. The

man's proposal of marriage was answered affirmatively by the woman's preparing food and giving it to him. If he possessed cotton, he forthwith set to work to weave a mantle; otherwise, deerskins answered the same purpose. These were shown to the bride's mother, who was thereby fully made to understand their object. And when the time came, the man, with the consent of both her kin and his, wrapped the mantle or deerskins around the shoulders of the woman, and she became his wife. He was of course bound to provide for the support of his wife and children. Each kin held a piece of arable soil sufficient for its maintenance. When game is abundant, and in a country where various forms of cactus abound, the agricultural needs of the Indian are quite limited. Maize and beans are all he seeks to cultivate. To each adult male member of the kin was allotted, by common consent, a certain plot, on condition of improvement by cultivation for the benefit of himself and his dependents. The products of his plot went into the storehouse of his wife, and, when once there, were under her control, and not to be disposed of, wholly or in part, without her consent. They were drawn upon to provide the daily meal of the household and the hospitality which characterizes the red race, and which, in the case of the Pueblos, was satisfied by setting before a visitor something to eat of what was always kept on hand.

Each dwelling—consisting of two or three rooms, either scooped out of the soft tufa or pumice which formed the walls of some narrow cañon, or built of adobe upon a ledge, with the rocks of the cañon for the rear walls—belonged to the wife alone. In accordance with custom, she was its architect and builder, finishing it within and without. Everything within it, save the husband's weapons and scanty wardrobe, was hers. Her possessions rarely consisted of more than a *yakkat* (the Spanish term *metate* is now generally used throughout the Southwest), or slab for grinding corn, a few earthen pots, pans and jars,—one of them an urn containing sacred meal, occupying a niche specially prepared for it in the wall,—a few stone axes, some hides, deerskins, and cotton wraps. These constitute the household furniture of a vast number of Indians at the present day. The dwelling was part of a cluster or group, occupied by the entire kin, by no means regular in form, and sometimes rising in terraces of two or three stories. They usually opened upon a common courtyard,

from which ascent was made to the roof by means of a notched beam serving as a ladder. It was thus that access was obtained to the dwellings. These dwellings differed little from those occupied at the present day by the Pueblos. They were more roomy, though not so well ventilated. A low door, closed by means of a deerskin curtain, opened upon the courtyard, and a porthole or two afforded light and some little ventilation to that room in each dwelling which occupied the outer tier in the cluster. The floors were thickly coated with mud, washed with blood, and then smoothed, by which process they were made black, hard and glossy. The interior walls were whitened with burnt gypsum. Sometimes a dado of yellow ochre was made around the room. The ceilings were apt to be covered with soot, owing to the primitive arrangements for a fire. Into this dwelling the husband was received more like a frequent visitor than otherwise. Upon the floor of one of the rooms the wife and children slept from night to night. The husband quite as frequently slept at the *estufa* of his clan as at his wife's dwelling. Thither went also the sons of the clan when thirteen years of age, that they might learn the songs, prayers, and traditions of the tribe.

The word *estufa* is Spanish and signifies stove or oven. Undoubtedly, the term was conferred by the early Spanish explorers upon the low circular building (rarely rectangular), with flat or rudely-arched roof, whence smoke was usually seen to issue, and whose exterior appearance was likely to have suggested a charcoal kiln. There was one for each kin, and one was used for the meeting of the *uutiyam*, or council for the transaction of tribal business. The floor of the *estufa* was almost invariably subterranean, and the interior walls were whitened and then decorated with hieroglyphic painting relating to Indian mythology.

An aggregation of clans speaking the same dialect, and allied for purposes of mutual sustenance and defense, constituted the tribe, and necessitated some sort of political government. That government was purely democratic. Tribal affairs were administered and disputes arbitrated by the *uutiyam*, an assembly composed of the *tapop* or civil governor, the chief penitents and chief medicine-men, the leaders of the two great esoteric societies, and delegates from each of the clans. The *tapop* was elected and liable to deposition by the *uutiyam*, as was also the *maseua* or head war-chief to whom the *tapop* was subject in time of war.

Mention of the penitents and medicine-men suggests the religious system of the Indians, so complicated as to refuse utterly to be reduced to an intelligible outline. The words used by all the Indian tribes to denote worship have been translated "medicine." The art of healing is a part, but only a small part, of medicine according to Indian ideas. It embraced all the magical arts. In each tribe "medicine" was in charge of the *caciques* or penitents, selected to do penance vicariously, and of the *shamans* or medicine-men proper, who formed an esoteric order in which they rose by long apprenticeship and by the initiation into one secret after another to a full knowledge of the magical arts. The *shamans* were divided into groups, each possessing as its especial and exclusive property, and guarding the secret thereof with jealous care, the incantations and magical charms relating to certain human interests. The *yayu* combined a knowledge of the essence of all magic, and were the prophets and priests of medicine. The *chayani* claimed the knowledge of magical curative power. The *shyayak* were the *shamans* of the hunt and masters of the incantations used to charm game. The *ukany* were the *shamans* of war. As these *shamans* had the monopoly of witchcraft, when witchcraft was practised by anyone outside the order of *shamans*, or by other means than those employed by them, the crime was a heinous one against "medicine" and punished by death.

Assisting the *shamans* in their efforts to further the work of the *shiuana*, the beneficent spirits, in the sprouting and maturing of the crops, were two secret societies, in some sense rivals though not generally inimical. They were the *cuirana* and the *koshare*. The *cuirana* were "winter men" and assisted the sprouting seed, and their "work" of penance, self-mortification, and prayer was done in the spring. The *koshare* were the "delight makers," as the name signifies. They were "summer men," charged with the duty of aiding the fruit to ripen. Hence they "worked" by the same means as the *cuirana* in the summer and autumn. Both appeared before the public in the dance, either that of the *ayash tyucotz*, preceding an important *unityam*, or that of the harvest.

To write a story of real human interest, with such material as this mode of life affords, is no easy task. To make it an attractive medium for the communication of scientific data respecting a prehistoric people, is still more diffi-

cult. But on the whole, the author of "The Delight Makers" has succeeded. And if the witchcraft, dealing as it does with such inconsequential things as "black corn" and "owl's feathers," fails to furnish a very thrilling plot in the early part of the story, when the plot changes to one of intrigue or tribal politics, and is merged into an inter-tribal war, there is no doubt as to the interest excited. And in the single love story which runs through the whole, we find that upon the stage afforded by the cliff dwellings of the Tyuonyi Cañon centuries ago, narrow though it be, the same drama may be set as upon the wider plane of our higher civilization.

ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL.

RECENT BOOKS OF POETRY.*

"Mr. Austin's respectable and somewhat labored books of verse"—these words of Mr. Stedman characterize, with perfect accuracy, the poetical work of Mr. Alfred Austin, now being reprinted in uniform volumes, two of which are before us. That the work is labored appears on every page; his lyrical sentiment

*LYRICAL POEMS. By Alfred Austin. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE HUMAN TRAGEDY. By Alfred Austin. New York: Macmillan & Co.

RENAISSANCE: A Book of Verse. By Walter Crane. Illustrated. New York: Macmillan & Co.

POEMS GRAVE AND GAY. By Albert E. S. Smythe. Toronto: Inrie & Graham.

DRAMATIC SKETCHES AND POEMS. By Louis J. Block. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE SISTERS' TRAGEDY: With Other Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE WITCH OF EN-DOR, and Other Poems. By Francis S. Saltus. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton.

OBERHAMMERGAU, 1800. By William Allen Butler. New York: Harper & Brothers.

IN THE GODS' SHADOW; The Background of Mystery; and Other Verses. By George Macdonald Major. New York: Published by the Author.

LETTER AND SPIRIT. By A. M. Richards. Boston: J. G. Cupples Co.

ETCHINGS IN VERSE. By Charles Lemuel Thompson. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

WINONA: A Dakota Legend, and Other Poems. By Captain E. L. Huggins, U.S.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE: An Epic Drama.—A Poetry of Exiles.—Australian Lyrics.—The Spanish Armada: A Ballad of 1588. By Douglas Sladen. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

YOUNGER AMERICAN POETS: 1830-90. Edited by Douglas Sladen, B.A. With an Appendix of Younger Canadian Poets, edited by Goodridge Bliss Roberts. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

CHANSONS POPULAIRES DE LA FRANCE. Edited by Thomas Frederick Crane, A.M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

and his patriotism are alike painfully artificial. It is likewise eminently respectable, for the famous couplet about Mehemet Ali is not fairly representative, and the respectability is notably enhanced by the dignified and beautiful mechanical execution of this collective edition. An excellent illustration of the labored quality of Mr. Austin's verse is afforded by the sonnet written to protest against the Channel Tunnel. "Can it be," queries the writer,

"That men who learned to lisp at English knees
Of English fame, to pamper womanish ease
And swell the surfeits of voracious trade,
Shall the impregnable breakers undermine,
Take ocean in reverse, and, basely bold,
Burrow beneath the bastions of the brine?"

Mr. Austin swells the surfeits of his verse with a great deal of this sort of mouthing, and the result is anything but poetical. Now and then, as in the sonnet, "Love's Wisdom," there is a note of genuine passion; but in this case at least, it is only an echo. The verses—

"Now on the summit of Love's topmost peak
Kiss we and part; no farther can we go:
And better death than we from high to low
Should dwindle, or decline from strong to weak"

are too curiously suggestive of that marvellous sonnet ascribed to Drayton, beginning—

"Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part!
Nay, I have done. You get no more of me."

As an example of Mr. Austin's best verse and of his most nearly spontaneous patriotism, we may take a stanza from "Is Life Worth Living?"

"Not care to live while English homes
Nestle in English trees,
And England's Trident-Sceptre roams
Her territorial seas!
Not live while English songs are sung
Wherever blows the wind,
And England's laws and England's tongue
Enfranchise half mankind!
So long as in Pacific main,
Or on Atlantic strand,
Our kin transmit the parent strain,
And love the Mother-Land;
So long as in this Ocean-Realm,
Victoria and her Line
Retain the heritage of the helm
By loyalty divine;
So long as flashes English steel
And English trumpets shrill,
He is dead already who doth not feel
Life is worth living still."

This spirited and ringing lyric goes far to redeem the pages of turgid and infelicitous expression in which it is embedded. Of "The Human Tragedy," we can do nothing better than quote Mr. Stedman's description.

"The whole requires ten thousand lines, cast in *ottava rima* and other standard forms. The Georgian measures are here, but not their force and glow. The movement is of the slowest, the philosophy prudish, and

the story hard to follow: lovers are kept from marriage by religious zeal; they don the Red Cross, travel and talk interminably, and finally are shot, and die in each other's arms to the great comfort of the reader."

To the art of the designer, rather than that of the poet, we must credit the charm of Mr. Walter Crane's "Renaissance." Upon the title-page and the two score head and tail pieces, simple but exquisite in decorative effect, eye and thought are likely long to linger. Upon the verses they will linger not so long, for Mr. Crane has not the inspiration of the true singer. In fact, his work is more pleasing for its ideals than for its form. In both, it is closely akin to the work of Mr. William Morris, although distinctly inferior to that work in technical qualities. Mr. Crane is, like his friend and master, a socialist, and sings of a coming Kingdom of Man with the fervor, although not with the eloquence, of Shelley. He thus invokes the spirit of the man to be:

"Arise, and take thy throne,
Upbuilt in ages long by stone on stone—
The human spirit's still aspiring stair
Whose marble feet were laid in toil and care,
And washed with tears, and worn in eager quest
Of false and fleeting phantoms, seeking rest.
But now thy feet are fledged and would aspire
To climb the summit of thy hope's desire.
High where in sculptured walls and towers rise
Her architecture, white in azure skies,
Tinged with the fire of dawn above thy head—
Ah! there, fair soul, thy marriage feast is spread."

This is a fair illustration of Mr. Crane's workmanship, which nowhere can be said to rise above mediocrity. His diction is simple, largely Saxon in vocabulary, and marked by a touch of the pre-Raphaelite affectation. The most important of his pieces is the allegorical poem of "The Sirens Three"—

"No More, and golden Now, and dark To be,
Whose vocal harps are love, and hope, and grief,"—

which has been published by itself in book form. Mr. Crane's ideal of a future Golden Age, in which Art shall walk hand in hand with Toil, and life pass for all unclouded from sunrise to sunset, is very attractive, no doubt, but we fear that it is still as much a dream as it was in Shelley's time, and we doubt if its latest singer has any suggestions of practical value to offer for its realization. To the clearest vision of our age it seems farther from realization than it did sixty years ago.

The "Poems Grave and Gay" of Mr. Albert E. S. Smythe afford fresh evidence of the talent of the younger group of Canadian writers. Mr. Smythe is a facile versifier, and his work is nearly always pleasing. The poem to "Eva," which he indicates as the first of his

efforts to appear in print, is as pretty as anything in the volume, and will do to quote.

- "High, high in the westerly sky
Lingers the day as I linger by thee;
Slow, slow from the darkness below
Creeps the night over the brim of the sea.
- "Soft, soft to the seabirds aloft,
Whisper the waters that toss on the shore;
Rare, rare, from the mermaid's hair,
Scattered and sparkling, the jewels they wore.
- "Far, far, there is shining a star
Pure as the beacon a seraph would burn,
Clear, clear, that poor wanderers here,
Seeing it lead them, a pathway might learn.
- "Soon, soon, will the silvery moon
Glow through a glory of luminous mist,
Pale, pale, in her vaporous veil,
Down on the flowers that look up to be kissed.
- "Then, then, when the children of men
Seal up their souls with a slumbering spell,
Sweet, sweet—and till morn when we meet
Angels will guard thee and comfort thee well."

Mr. Smythe has also penned a considerable number of sonnets, some of which are of exceptional strength. We select that inscribed "To Her Whom It May Concern."

- "Canst leave the spoil of Eden on vintage morns
To see the waste with toil and hardship quelled;
Canst thou go forth as one who had rebelled,
Still innocent, and meet the bitter scorns;
Canst take with me that journey through the thorns
And thistle-fields, undriven—self-compelled;
Can Love be thy flame-swordsman, unbelied,
With sterner head than his who visibly warns?
God's consecrated curse be on us, then;
We shall fare forth unanxious, hand in hand,
To labor, prospering as our days increase,
Redeeming deserts for the world of men;
Spring shall be with us in a winter-land;
Grief we shall know, but also love and peace."

The unrest of the modern spirit, expressed in verse that reveals a somewhat mystical strain of thought, is the chief characteristic of Mr. Block's "Dramatic Sketches and Poems." In this, except for the mysticism, the author seems more closely allied to Clough than to any other modern singer. "The Inlet," an excellent example of Mr. Block's work, appears to us to bear out this suggestion.

- "I watch the many-colored crowd,
Passing me on the busy street,
And marvel at the faces proud,
Or sullen with low-browed defeat.
- "The blue skies smile upon the earth,
The winds are with the clouds at play,
And happiness had surely birth
With sundown of the perfect day.
- "I dream of all the secrets hid
By placid brow or gloomy eye,
As in some rock-built pyramid
An unknown king or slave may lie.
- "I feel the beat of every heart,
And shed the tears tired eyes let fall,
And thrill to know myself a part
Of griefs that weary, hopes that thrall."

- "Oh, can it be that my weak soul
Is but an inlet of the sea,
And knows the outer sweep and roll
Of tides that forerun Destiny?
- "If this be dreaming, let me hold
The dear delusion to my breast;
Let me grow fearless, overbold,
And dare the noblest and the best.
- "Children of one sweet mother, heirs
Of all the hopes that thrill all hearts,
And owners of the mystic wares
That shine within the spirit's marts,
- "Masters of space and lords of time,
Wearers of robes that History wove
In far-off looms of every clime,
In snow-clad wood or olive-grove,
- "Each soul instinct with all and each,
We rise at last unto the height,
Foresaid in strange prophetic speech,
Whence every darkness melts in light!"

It will be seen that even this simple and exquisite poem is not without its touch of the mysticism that pervades Mr. Block's work. We fancy that Emerson has done something to give this cast to his verse, but the influence of Plato, or rather of the neo-Platonists, is mainly responsible for it. Mr. Block has evidently read, not only his Plato, but his Plotinus and his Vaughan also, and the influence of these studies is both implicitly and openly avowed—in "A Platonic Hymn," for example, and in the beautiful "Dedication" at the end of the volume. Did space permit, we would gladly do justice to other aspects of Mr. Block's thoughtful and sincere verse, to his ethical interpretation of the myths of Tantalus and Pygmalion, to his lyrics of nature, and to the more subjective utterance of certain of the sonnets that close the collection. As for his faults, they are to be found in occasional unmusical lines, in the use of words and phrases that are unpoetical if not pedantic, in a certain diffuseness, and in that vagueness of expression that accompanies mysticism and that is its inevitable penalty.

Mr. Aldrich very justly remarks, in the "Petition" placed at the close of his new volume of poems:

- "To spring belongs the violet, and the blown
Spice of the roses let the summer own."

But in adding

- "Grant me this favor, muse—all else withhold—
That I may not write verse when I am old,"

he seems to be forgetful that the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" has its glories also, has its aster and its gentian, vying with the fairest blossoms of midsummer or of spring. And, whatever the calendar may say, we shall not admit that Mr. Aldrich is old as long as

he is capable of producing verse as exquisite in quality as that of this latest collection. Indeed, we fancy that the true poet never grows old in the sense in which age means dulled perceptions and imagination that has forgotten how to soar. Was not the sublime choral ending of "Faust" the work of four-score, and are not the divinest songs of Tennyson those of his very latest years? Mr. Aldrich certainly knows his Tennyson, for he pays to him as graceful a tribute as it is often given a poet to receive.

"Shakespeare and Milton—what third blazoned name
Shall lips of after-ages link to these?
His who, beside the wild encircling seas,
Was England's voice, her voice with one acclaim,
For threescore years; whose word of praise was fame,
Whose scorn gave pause to man's iniquities."

And even if the author of these lines be but a "minor poet"—when such names are invoked—we can at least apply to him his own words, and say that

"We can poorly spare
Even his slight perfection in an age
Of limping triplets and tame rondeaux."

Most of the poems in this volume are of that faultless workmanship which Mr. Aldrich has led us to expect from his pen. "The Sister's Tragedy" and "Pauline Pavlovna" are dramatic idyls of more than common strength. The poem inscribed to "The Last Cæsar," to

"The sphinx that puzzled Europe for awhile,"

impales the memory of Louis Napoleon as effectively as does the more wordy scorn of Hugo or of Swinburne. And the delicate trifles that close the volume are examples of *vers de société* deserving to rank with the best in their kind. Few of our poets practice the virtue of restraint as does Mr. Aldrich, and how that virtue brings its own reward everyone may see who reads.

When we reviewed the "Shadows and Ideals" of Mr. F. S. Saltus, we little knew of what it was the precursor. It seems that the manuscripts left by the writer at his death include sufficient verse to fill a score of volumes, and that the entire mass is to be published. We will frankly say that if "The Witch of En-dor, and Other Poems" fairly represents the character of this verse, the rest of it had much better be left unprinted. There were erotic suggestions in the earlier volume, but there was also much expression of thought upon worthy themes; in the present collection there is little but eroticism of a very repulsive sort. The writer seems to have delighted in bestiality for its own sake, and his poetic gifts

were too slender to afford any sort of warrant for this intrusion upon the public of his unclean imaginings.

Mr. William Allen Butler has written, in monotonous rhymed couplets, a poem entitled "Oberammergau, 1890," descriptive of the recent performance of the Bavarian Passion Play. As verse, the volume has no particular merit, but it is attractive in mechanical execution, having very pretty covers, and being illustrated with reproductions of scenes and characters from the play. And it affords, in its introduction and notes, a certain amount of useful information concerning the history and meaning of the rite which it describes.

Two prettily-printed little volumes of verse, the work of Dr. George Macdonald Major, are published in a limited edition for private circulation. "In the Gods' Shadow" is a story of the persecution of the Christians in Rome, cast in the form of a Greek tragedy. The inspiration of Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" is obvious, as the following choral passage will illustrate:

"With man is the planting of seed,
But the gods all the harvesting send;
With man the intent and the deed,
With the gods the result and the end;
With man is the bow and the string,
And the arrow that darts from the bow,
But the gods guard the power of its wing
And give it direction to go.
For good or for ill it may be,
For a crown or deserving of rods,
But the fate every mortal will see
Is foreknown and foredoomed of the gods.
And Pain is the shadow of Pleasure,
And Sorrow the spectre of Joy,
And Shame but a different measure
Of the Glory the gods would destroy."

"The Background of Mystery" is a poem in Spenserian stanza having for its theme the promise of the Christian religion as visioned in a soul inclined to doubt, but taking faith as an ultimate refuge. The following is a favorable example of Dr. Major's use of the stanza which he has chosen:

"The savage sword of bloody War was sheathed,
And the first time in many weary years
O'er the precarious throne of Cæsar breathed
The benison of rest from strife and fears.
The youthful bride was wed no more with tears,
The trembling children bade their sorrows cease,
For Janus' gates were closed—like summer meres
The states of Rome slept in the glad release,
And all the world reposed in universal peace."

It would be easy to pick flaws in these verses, which are of the author's best, but we rather wish to give credit to the sincerity of his purpose. In a prefatory note, he acts as his own critic, saying that the works seem to him "lack-

ing in unity of construction or possibly are essentially unpoetical." We fear that the latter of these counts must be admitted as true. His verses are lacking in the essential qualities of poetic form, both because they are roughly finished, and because their writer does not seem to have a sense of the distinction between the phrase that is felicitous and the phrase that is not. He also takes verbal licenses, such as using "tempt" as a substantive and "rape" as an active verb, that are inadmissible. And his best notes are but echoes of the strains of others, of Owen Meredith, of Swinburne, of Omar Khayyám, or of Tennyson. The following verses are good, but only because they suggest "In Memoriam."

"But be this moral to my song:

I hold by faith, though not by sight,
That men must ever be the wrong,
And God must ever be the right—

"Right when he smites the hardest blow,
Right when he veils himself in might,
Right when our tears of sorrow flow
And vainly still we peer for light.

"I know not the result of things,
But still will hope in all distress
That out of human failure springs
The harvest of divine success;

"That no malignant lust to curse,
That not a pang of needless pain,
Obtains in God's vast universe,
But all works some eternal gain."

The cry of a passionate soul for light, of a soul oppressed with a sense of the mystery of things, yet feeling that somewhere there is peace, is the burden of the sonnet-sequence entitled "Letter and Spirit." Its lesson is of faith and of stern fulfilment of present duty. Exquisite in form, and freighted with solemn meaning, these half-hundred sonnets make a peculiar appeal to the soul in that period of storm and stress which every strong soul lives out at one time or another. They are of such even workmanship that we may select from them almost at random. The following is a representative example:

"God speaketh and saith: I do remember thee
When thou wentst after Me in the wilderness;
No desert could withhold thee, no distress
Of drought or fire, no peril of land or sea
Could come between thy burning love and Me;
Where art thou now?—Ah, Lord, Thy world did press
With love that seemed more dear to save and bless,
With life more near than Thine eternity.

"But now, my Father, if it be Thy will,
Would that I might return to Thee before
The night, that even now is gathering cold,—
Return! I will have mercy on thee still
With everlasting kindness; but no more
Canst thou draw near with that same love of old.

The pathos of this is the pathos of Arnold's

"Obermann," and how beautifully is it expressed! To "come with aspect marr'd" to the faith so easily acceptable when the world was young is all that is left for us moderns, upon whom the newer and better faith of the future has yet hardly dawned.

Mr. Charles Lemuel Thompson, being conveniently ignorant (or neglectful) of both syntax and accent (in proper names), reaches effects from which more plodding versifiers are debarred. He says:

"The hungry lions wait their prey;
And, Caesar, thou—the judgment day."

We fear that reviewers, whose raptorial instincts are well known, will make short work of such prey as is afforded by these "Etchings in Verse." Mr. Thompson sings of many themes, of Paganini, who "shambled awkward on the stage," of an unfinished telescope, with a "glance that could rive the Pleiads," and of the "avalanchine voice" of the Jungfrau, and unfailingly extracts a moral from each.

The volume of verse bearing the name of Captain E. L. Huggins includes the titular poem "Winona," a few miscellaneous and memorial pieces, a collection of sonnets, and a large number of exceptionally good translations, mostly from the French and Spanish. It takes a bold man to attempt an English version of Gautier's "L'Art," in view of Mr. Dobson's existing translation or paraphrase, but Captain Huggins has been that venturesome, and has done the work well.

"Even the gods wax old and pass
From high Olympus; verse alone
Stronger than brass
Preserves to fallen Zeus his throne."

This stanza indicates how closely the spirit and form of the original have been reproduced. Probably no one could really translate the poem; the additional foot in each verse is absolutely necessary to give adequate flexibility to the thought. Another poem of Gautier's, "Shadows," is particularly well translated also, and gives as good an example of *terza rima* as is often seen in English. Here are some verses:

"Poet, alas! and lover, brethren are;
Twins of the soul, each hath his cherished dream,
Some saint ideal, worshipped from afar;

"Some fount of youth, some pure Pactolian stream,
Some orb that beams with strange unearthly ray,
Some flaming vision potent to redeem.

"The fount is dry, the vision fades away;
The mystic light that led them through the night
Dies in a marsh, and leaves them far astray.

"O God, to tread but once by morning light
The alabaster palace of our dream,
Counting its colonnades with waking sight;

"To greet the lovely images that gleam
Athwart the gardens of our revery,
And drink the waters of its mystic stream ;

"To make the plunge, piercing triumphantly
The crystal vault, bring back the golden vase
Long buried with the treasures of the sea."

Mr. Douglas B. W. Sladen, best known as a collector and writer of Australian verse, appears as the author of several paper-covered volumes of varying thickness. "Edward the Black Prince" is the thickest, and examination shows it to be a historical drama—Froissart done into dreary blank verse after the fashion of the old English chronicle play. "The Spanish Armada" is a ballad in two versions, the first having been abandoned (although here published) on account of a wholly unnecessary fear that it was too much like the "Revenge" of Lord Tennyson. "Australian Lyrics" is a volume of miscellaneous verse, and "A Poetry of Exiles" another of similar character, the license of the title being its most striking characteristic. We find nothing that is not commonplace, both in sentiment and expression, in any of these books.

Mr. Sladen also appears as editor of an anthology of "Younger American Poets," Canadian writers being included. "America Niagarized the world," remarks the editor, and so he introduces the volume with a sonnet to the great cataract. Mr. Sladen's plan does not include the greater stars in our galaxy of singers, because "it would have been very impertinent to have included them without an exhaustive study of their works, in order to contribute something fresh about them—not to mention the dog-in-the-mangering about copyrights." We offer this as an example of Mr. Sladen's style when he forsakes verse for prose. Had he chosen to take up Longfellow and Lowell there can be no doubt that he would have contributed "something fresh about them," although not in the sense in which he uses the phrase. Mr. Sladen has a high appreciation of Lanier, and his volume contains two appendices by President Merrill E. Gates and Mrs. Laurence Turnbull, respectively, "giving the cult of the Lanierophant," as he somewhat originally puts it. Mr. Sladen's introductory essay is so full of striking phrases that we linger over it. He tells us that Mr. Stedman lost a fortune "by no fault of his own, but by one in whom he placed implicit confidence." Few writers would venture upon so daring a personification as this. We hope that Mr. Stedman has now ceased to place implicit confidence in other people's faults. Mr.

Aldrich, we are told, "has achieved something very like perfection within the limitations, which he would seem deliberately to have laid down for himself—except in 'Wyndham Towers.'" The dark mystery of this statement we confess ourselves unable to fathom. Of Chicago we read with some amusement that "there is quite a literary movement there now, at the head of which stands that charming writer Eugene Field." We wonder if Mr. Field ever fancied that he was at the head of "quite a literary movement." John Eliot Bowen's translations of "Carmen Sylva" "proved him a true poet as well as a true man." We have no doubt that Dr. Bowen was a true man, but are a little puzzled to understand the nature of the demonstration alluded to. Turning from this foolish introduction to the anthology itself, we find an excellent selection of work from over a hundred American poets, nearly one-fourth of the number being Canadians. Good taste characterizes the selection throughout, although copyright has in a few cases interfered with the editor's wishes. We are particularly grateful for some of the Canadian poems—for "The Isles, An Ode" of Professor Roberts, and for the "Death in April" of Mr. Bliss Carman. We are almost willing to say that the latter poem is the most beautiful in the entire volume. We also learn that the author of the remarkable poem "Monadnoc," published anonymously about three years ago, is Mr. James E. Nesmith.

A very different sort of anthology is the "Chansons Populaires de la France," edited by Professor Thomas Frederick Crane for the series known as "Knickerbocker Nuggets." The contents of this collection are real folk-songs, not literary ballads like those of Beranger, their composition dates from the unknown past, and they are anonymous, as all true popular poetry must be. For some reason or other, it was not until well along in the present century that attention was attracted to these songs, and it has been commonly supposed that France was lacking in a kind of poetry that has long had a recognized and important place in English, German, and Scandinavian literature. One has but to glance over the present volume to see how erroneous was that supposition. Professor Crane supplies the volume with a scholarly introduction, upon which we have but one criticism to make. "So far as I know," he says, "there is not a trace in the writings of the French romantic school of any

appreciation of the popular literature of the country. . . . One has but to glance over the so-called 'ballads' of Hugo to see this." To us, a glance at these "ballads"—"Gastibelza," for example—shows a good deal of such appreciation, and the editor himself speaks of George Sand as calling marked attention to the beauties of French popular poetry.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN, who has amused himself at quite frequent intervals during the past quarter of a century, by running amuck along the ways of contemporary literature, has gathered his strength for (we should hope) a supreme final effort, resulting in an unprecedented number of slain and wounded. "The Coming Terror" (U. S. Book Co.) is the title of this finely frenzied volume, in which modern literary and other society is ravaged and laid waste, and it is made up of reprinted communications to newspapers and other ephemeral publications. He fires his blunderbuss recklessly to right and left, and, by a device similar to the false exit of the comedy stage, recurs again and again to the charge when we imagine that we have seen the last of him. Whatever may be the faults of his work, unreadableness is certainly not one of them, and his progress, as he goes slashing about, may be followed with the unflinching certainty of surprised interest. "The Coming Terror," of which he first discourses, is that slavery of over-legislation which Mr. Spencer and others have taught us to view with so much apprehension. Mr. Buchanan is an individualist, but he is careful to tell us that he is also a socialist, and that Mr. Spencer is also a socialist without knowing it. He also tells us that he writes "as a pure optimist and sentimentalist," and that Rousseau was as great a thinker as Schopenhauer was an insignificant one. But his judgments are not all of such hopeless perversity. He says, indeed, that Ibsen is "a Zola with a stuttering style and two wooden legs"—which shows that he knows nothing of "Brand" and "Peer Gynt,"—but he also says that the Audhild scenes in Björnson's "Sigurd Slembe" form "what is perhaps the divinest love-episode in any language"—which is a truth not greatly exaggerated. The statements that Goethe was "a tedious, a tiresome, and a dilettante writer," and that his masterpiece is but "a commonplace story of seduction, relieved by the cynical asides of a conventional Devil," may be dismissed with a smile of compassionate pity; but there is a considerable measure of truth in the suggested criticism of a passage like the following: "In New York, and as far away as Chicago, Cockneydom spreads its propaganda; so effectually, indeed, that young men have given no ear to the 'barbaric

yawp' of Whitman, know not even the name of Hermann Melville, and have found little fascination in the idyls of Dudley Warner or Charles Warren Stoddard." Cockneydom, by the way, is Mr. Buchanan's name for the literary atmosphere which makes one's own city—be it London, Paris, or Boston—seem the centre of the universe; its visible embodiment in England is the "Quarterly Review," and Mr. Andrew Lang is one of the chief of those who draw from it the breath of life. We have not touched upon many of the themes of this miscellaneous group of effusions. "The Modern Young Man as Critic" is one of the best of them, and makes numerous amusing observations upon Mr. Henry James and Mr. George Moore, and upon MM. Bourget and Maupassant. One section of the work is a controversy with Professor Huxley upon the rights of man, and another is a discussion of chivalry with Mrs. Lynn Linton. "On Descending into Hell" is an open letter of some two score pages, addressed to Mr. Home Secretary Henry Matthews, and protesting very vigorously against the imprisonment of Mr. Vizetelly for having published Zola in English. In this protest Mr. Buchanan stands for outraged human intelligence, and those who oppose him are logically bound to oppose Milton and Mill, the "Areopagitica" and the essay "On Liberty."

ONE finds all the elements of an interesting biography in the book entitled "The Autobiography, Diary, and Correspondence of James Freeman Clarke" (Houghton). The man himself is worth knowing intimately, his formative influences were of the best but belonged to a time which begins to seem somewhat remote, he was a leader both in thought and in action during some of the most eventful periods of our national history, while the scattered records of these things, in the shape of journals, letters, and memoranda of various kinds, have had the great good fortune to fall into the hands of Edward Everett Hale. Mr. Hale is an ideal editor in this case,—not only because of his trained literary sense and fascinating pen, but because of his long friendship with Mr. Clarke and because his task of selection, arrangement, and filling in of gaps, has been guided by his own perfect familiarity with the environment. At the age of fifteen, James Freeman Clarke entered Harvard from the Boston Latin School. This was the average age of entrance students,—which fact would be remarkable except that it was a Harvard so very different from our present one. Although Mr. Clarke assures us that his class "did not promise much in college," we find his descriptions of them very delightful. There was Benjamin Pierce, passing by the novels, poetry, history, etc., of the college library, and bearing off to his room as his chosen reading large quarto volumes of pure mathematics; Benjamin Robbins Curtis, cultivating in ferensic discussions the qualities that afterwards made him so prominent at the bar and on the bench

of the United States Court; Oliver Wendell Holmes, writing poems for the "Collegian" and flashing out happy impromptus at their social meetings; William Henry Channing, beautiful in countenance, pure in heart, and exciting a mysterious admiration among his fellows. After these years of college and the Divinity School, Mr. Clarke entered the Unitarian ministry, accepting for his first charge the church at Louisville, Ky. But his main life work began with his return to Boston in 1841. It was a time of great local ferment. Anti-slavery leaders were at their best; reformers of every school had broken the bonds of church and of organization, the word "transcendental" had begun to be heard; fascinating suggestions were in the air, and there were those who urged that by rightly developing the fit organs of the brain there might be produced, almost to order, poetry better than Dante's or Milton's, and science more accurate than Newton's or La Place's. All these interests engaged Mr. Clarke's attention somewhat; but to the end of his life his chief interest was to show that more might be expected of a church than churches were in the habit of attempting. Under the name "Church of the Disciples," he gathered about him a company of people attracted by the simplicity, the boldness, and the fervor of the religious doctrine proclaimed in the pulpit and embodied in the constitution of the society; and for nearly fifty years he lived and labored to prove that the mission of the church is to enter joyfully and fearlessly into every matter that concerns the welfare of man.

MR. J. M. BARRIE'S "My Lady Nicotine" (Cassell) is not a book for the conscientious abstainer from the weed. It is rather a Smoker's Own Companion; and so strong is the atmosphere of tobacco about it that its yellow tinted leaves seem scented with the fragrant Arcadia Mixture which it celebrates. Somewhere in London, it tells us, this wonderful mixture can be had. It is a perfect lotos among tobaccos; and once one has fallen under its sway, all other tobacco loses flavor. The potent charm of the mixture draws together five young men who have chambers "at the Inn." There is Jimmy Moggridge, a barrister and journalist *in spe*, who has his MSS. returned by the leading reviews, and who, by the irony of fate, edits a column in a popular juvenile magazine, "Mother's Pets." He smoked a cane chair at school, and has smoked ever since. Gilray is a comedian with an attachment to the tragic; and Serymgeour, a dilettante who paints water-colors, is "so proud of his profession that he gave all his pictures fancy prices, and so wealthy that he could have bought them." Marriot is the sentimental one, who, since he holds such high ideals on the subject, can never decide whether he is really in love or not,—and so in long monologues he puts the pro and con of each case fairly before his hearer, ostensibly for advice, which he never wants, and really for sympathy, which he never gets. And as for the fifth man, the author,

we ourselves may predicate of him that he is a young Scotchman with a genuine literary touch, a strong sense of humor, and better still (judging from this book), a sense of proportion,—from whom we may expect good work with something of the flavor of the Roundabout Papers. The true Elizabethan spirit breathes through the chapter which describes a supper given at the "Globe" by Ned Alleyn, the actor-manager, in honor of the first performance of the Jew of Malta. All the playwrights are there, and as they drink, jest, and finally quarrel, Shakespeare sits quietly by, and then—smokes his first pipe of Arcadia. And to nothing else than to Raleigh's introduction of tobacco into England is due the marvellous outpouring of the English spirit of the days of the Virgin Queen! Truly, it is a lover of the weed who has spoken. It remains to be said that the writer of the book smokes no more. He has married, and his wife objects. And every day after dinner she plays soft music on the piano, so that he will not miss his pipe. And as she plays, he dreams of the days of briars and the Arcadia, and of his former companions, their likes and dislikes, their successes and failures in literature and love. "After a time the music ceases, and my wife puts her hand on my shoulder. Perhaps I start a little, and then she says I have been sleeping. This is the book of my dreams."

A RECENT book of linguistics is "The American Race" (Hodges), by Dr. D. G. Brinton, and it is a study of the numerous American dialects as a basis of classification of the American race commonly but incorrectly called "American Indians." Readers of Dr. Brinton's earlier works are aware of his attitude on certain important questions preliminary to such an undertaking. He considers that the earliest Americans came here as immigrants from northwestern Africa; that they appeared here at a very much earlier period than has been commonly supposed, having migrated in a primitive, plastic state from the primal centre where man as a species had originated; that the racial type of the American was developed on its own soil, and that it constitutes as true and distinct a sub-species as do the African or the White Races. In the introductory chapter of the present work, he shows that the first inhabitants of the New World could have come hither neither by way of the Aleutian Islands nor Behring Strait, nor by land connection of the "lost Atlantis," nor by junks from Polynesia, China, or Japan. A land bridge then existed between Europe and North America by way of Iceland and Greenland, and across this, where is now the comparatively shallow bed of the Atlantic, their journey was made. In that portion of the country which lay east of the Rocky Mountains, and between the receding wall of the continental ice-sheet and the Gulf of Mexico, this immigrant from another hemisphere made his earliest home, and here he received those corporeal changes which set him over against his fellows as an independent race. Although these

changes took place at so remote an epoch, there is still a decided permanence of racial traits and great uniformity of the racial type. A considerable diversity of linguistic stocks—about eighty in North and as many in South America—have been developed, however, and these stocks, in the opinion of Dr. Brinton, offer the only scientific basis for a classification of American tribes. Certain resemblances and differences separate them into five groups, namely:—The North Atlantic, North Pacific, Central, South Pacific, South Atlantic. Each of the groups has mingled extensively within its own limits, and but slightly outside of them. The author proceeds to take up in detail the traits and customs, the songs and stories, the myths and legends, as he has gathered them together by his minute and scholarly research of many years in his chosen fields of labor.

IN the volume entitled "Lamb's Essays: A Biographical Study" (Lothrop), Elizabeth Deering Hanscom has brought together such of Charles Lamb's essays as are somewhat autobiographical, adding to these a series of annotations taken largely from the works of Lamb and his contemporaries, with the aim to throw, if not new, yet stronger, light on the personality of the "gentle Elia." "Gentle Elia" and "gentle Shakespeare,"—Swinburne has called attention to the fact that only to these two names in all literature is the tender adjective habitually prefixed; we are not content to know them simply as writers, we long to come closer to them as men. The compiler's introductory sketch is a good one, the annotations copious yet discreet, and the volume desirable for any not so fortunate as to own the complete works of this most amiable and most graceful of essayists.

ALL who love Nature and the artistic expression of the delightful feelings Nature inspires will find a never-failing well of joy in the writings of Maurice de Guérin; and such persons will be glad to learn of the re-publication of his *Journal* in the dainty "Giunta Series" (Dodd). The translation, by Jessie P. Frothingham, is certainly an elegant one, and, in the absence of the original, seems an adequate rendering. Though gifted with rare genius and a discriminating love for classic beauty, De Guérin had a heart even more tender, shrinking, and religious, if possible, than that of Goethe's "Fair Saint," and so he published nothing. But his unpublished works soon found fit audiences, though few; and in 1840, the year after he had died at the age of twenty-nine, George Sand gave to the French public, in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," his matchless "Centaur," with some account of the author and a few extracts from his letters. A score of years later, appeared two volumes of his literary miscellany including "The Centaur," several poems, the *Journal*, and many letters. To this collection, that masterly critic Sainte-Beuve added an appreciative introduction, which has been translated from

the twentieth French edition and prefixed to the present English edition of the *Journal*. It was in a review of the first French edition that De Guérin, ever fortunate in his sponsors because he appeals only to the most refined taste, was made known to the English public by Matthew Arnold, who assigned him a place as a poet beside Keats, and in some respects even above him.

READERS will find Swedenborgianism presented in a very attractive guise in the little book entitled "The Professor's Letters" (Roberts). These letters were written to a young lady-friend many years ago, as we learn in the preface, by the late Professor Theophilus Parsons, of Harvard, and were not originally intended for the public. Indeed, the writer would only consent to their appearance on condition that his friend should "prepare them for publication herself, re-writing, and adding whatever thoughts were suggested during this work." The eminent law-professor and writer on law was evidently a man of great spiritual insight and of deep religious convictions, as well as of highly cultivated mental powers; and his letters can hardly fail to be helpful to anyone who earnestly desires to lead the higher life. They furnish an interpretation, that has at least the merit of intelligibility, of many obscure points both in the Bible and in the writings of the great mystic. The anonymous editor, so far as we are able to judge, has done her work modestly and well.

THOSE who desire a cheap and readable account of the life of Henry Ward Beecher will be gratified to learn that Mr. John R. Howard has re-published in separate form the Introduction to his edition of Beecher's "Patriotic Addresses," under the title of "Henry Ward Beecher: A Study" (Fords, Howard & Hulbert). It is to be regretted, however, that the book could not have been revised, at least so far as to remove sentences that refer to omitted portions of the original work as if they still formed part of the present volume. As Mr. Beecher's friend and publisher for many years, Mr. Howard was specially well qualified to write these memoirs of the great preacher's personality, career, and influence in public affairs.

ONE of the best, certainly the most readable, guide-book that we remember to have seen is Professor Charles G. D. Roberts's just published "Canadian Guide-Book" (Appleton). Equal to the famous "Baedeker's" as a compendium of fact, Professor Roberts's book is unique in its class as possessing a decided literary charm. Its bits of description, anecdote, chit-chat, and general comment are so good that one almost grudges the space given over to guide-book actualities. The volume is very compact, withal, and is prettily illustrated. The requisite maps and charts are provided, as well as a substantial Appendix addressed particularly to sportsmen.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

August, 1891.

- American Riders. T. A. Dodge. *Harper*.
 Annotation. Agnes Repplier. *Atlantic*.
 Bismarck. Murat Halstead. *Cosmopolitan*.
 Byron's School-Days. W. G. Blaikie. *Harper*.
 California Fruit-Culture Profits. L. A. Sheldon. *Forum*.
 Cape Horn in '49. W. B. Farwell. *Century*.
 Chicago's Architecture. Montgomery Schuyler. *Harper*.
 De Quincey's Style. M. B. Anderson. *Dial*.
 Dress and Adornment. Frederick Starr. *Popular Science*.
 Fetish to Hygiene. A. D. White. *Popular Science*.
 German Emperor. Poultney Bigelow. *Century*.
 German Unity. Mme. Blaze de Bury. *Arena*.
 Gladstone's Controversial Method. T. H. Huxley. *Pop. Sci.*
 Immigration and Degradation. F. A. Walker. *Forum*.
 Japan's Parliament. J. H. Wigmore. *Scribner*.
 Johns Hopkins University. D. C. Gilman. *Cosmopolitan*.
 London, Plantagenet. Walter Besant. *Harper*.
 Nationalism. M. J. Savage. *Arena*.
 Naval Manœuvres. J. R. Soley. *North American*.
 New Zealand. G. M. Grant. *Harper*.
 Nihilists in Paris. J. H. Rosney. *Harper*.
 North Pole, New Route to. Dr. Nansen, Gen. Greeley. *Forum*.
 Organic Forms. Joseph Le Conte. *Overland*.
 Pacific Coast Relief Map. J. S. Hittell. *Overland*.
 Pensions and Patriotism. G. B. Raum. *North American*.
 Piccadilly. Andrew Lang. *Scribner*.
 Poetry, Recent. W. M. Payne. *Dial*.
 Press as a News Gatherer. W. H. Smith. *Century*.
 Provence. Joseph Pennell. *Century*.
 Pueblo Indians. A. H. Noll. *Dial*.
 Research and Invention. F. W. Clarke. *Popular Science*.
 Russia and the Jews. Dr. Geffcken, and others. *Forum*.
 Science, Outcome of. W. H. Smith. *Popular Science*.
 Senate Reform. W. P. Garrison. *Atlantic*.
 Seneca and Paul. Harriet Preston, Louise Dodge. *Atlantic*.
 Sherman. J. C. Ropes. *Atlantic*.
 Statistics, Value of. C. D. Wright. *Popular Science*.
 Summer Migration. Edward Hungerford. *Century*.
 Tennyson. Henry Van Dyke. *Century*.
 Thoreau's Biographers. S. A. Jones. *Lippincott*.
 Travel, Recent Books of. E. G. Johnson. *Dial*.
 Vampire Literature. Anthony Comstock. *No. American*.
 Vigilantes. J. W. Clappitt. *Harper*.
 War, Unpublished History of the. C. A. Dana. *No. American*.
 Whitman's Birthday. H. L. Traubel. *Lippincott*.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

[The following list includes all books received by THE DIAL during the month of July, 1891.]

BIOGRAPHY.

- Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Sidney Lee. In 50 vols. Vol. XXVIII. Hindmarsh-Hoven-den. 8vo, pp. 435, gilt top. Macmillan & Co. \$3.75.
 William Ewart Gladstone. By George W. E. Russell. With new portrait, 16mo, pp. 280. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.
 Theodor the Goth: The Barbarian Champion of Civilization. By Thomas Hodgekin, D.C.L., author of "Italy and her Invaders." Illus., 12mo, pp. 442. Putnam's "Heroes of the Nations." \$1.50.
 Recollections and Impressions, 1822 to 1890. By Octavius Brooks Frothingham, author of "Boston Unitarianism." 12mo, pp. 305. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
 Literary Industries: A Memoir. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. With portrait, 16mo, pp. 446. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.
 Henry Ward Beecher: A Memorial Service by the Plymouth Sunday-School. Including an Address by Thomas G. Shearman. Sq. 16mo, pp. 44. Ford, Howard & Hubert. Paper, 25 cents.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

- Beginnings of Literary Culture in the Ohio Valley. By W. H. Venable, LL.D., author of "The Teacher's Dream." 8vo, pp. 519. Robt. Clarke & Co. \$3.00.
 The Coming Terror, and Other Essays and Letters. By Robert Buchanan. 12mo, pp. 385, gilt top. J. W. Lovell Co. \$2.50.

Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher. By Henry Jones, M.A. 12mo, pp. 367, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$2.25.

War: From the Article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." With an essay on Military Literature. By Colonel F. Maurice. 8vo, pp. 135, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$1.75.

Letters of Marie Bashkirtseff. Translated by Mary J. Serrano. With portraits. 12mo, pp. 340, gilt top. Cassell Pub'g Co. \$1.50.

Impressions and Opinions. By George Moore. 16mo, pp. 346. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

POETRY.

Renaissance: A Book of Verse by Walter Crane. Limited edition, illus., sq. 16mo, pp. 163. Macmillan & Co. \$3.00.

Lyrical Poems. By Alfred Austin. 12mo, pp. 242, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$1.75.

The Vision of Misery Hill: A Legend of the Sierra Nevada. By Miles T'Anson. Illus., sq. 16mo, pp. 150, gilt edges. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

Poems Grave and Gay. By Albert E. S. Smythe. With Portrait, 16mo, pp. 184. Toronto: Imrie & Graham. \$1.00.

The Fate of the Leaf. By I. McC. Wilson. 16mo, pp. 47. Cushing & Co. \$1.00.

The Devil's Visit: Why He Came, What He Said, etc. A Poem for the Times. 18mo, pp. 448. Excelsior Pub'g House. \$1.00.

Poems of Wordsworth. Chosen and Edited by Matthew Arnold. 16mo, pp. 407. Harper & Bros. Paper, 50 cts.

FICTION.

Earlier Stories: In Two Series. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. 2 vols., 16mo. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

St. Catharine's by the Tower: A Novel. By Walter Besant, author of "Armored of Lyonesse." Illus., 12mo, pp. 392. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

Iduna, and Other Stories. By George A. Hibbard. 16mo, pp. 236. Harper & Bros. \$1.00.

The Price of a Coronet; or, Jeanne Berthout, Countess de Mercœur. From the French of Pierre Sales, by Mrs. Benjamin Lewis. 12mo, pp. 329. Cassell's "Blue Library." \$1.00.

Brunhilde; or, The Last Act of Norma. By Pedro A. De Alarcon. From the Spanish by Mrs. Francis J. A. Darr. With portrait, 16mo, pp. 311. A. Lovell & Co. \$1.00.

NEW VOLUMES IN THE PAPER LIBRARIES.

Worthington's International Library: Columbia: A Story of the Discovery of America, by John R. Musick, illus. 75 cents.

Cassell's Sunshine Series: An Artist, translated from the French of Mme. Jeanne Mairat, by Anna Dyer Page; Old Raclot's Million, adapted from the French by Mrs. Benjamin Lewis; A Debt of Hatred, translated from French of George Ohnet, by E. P. Robins. Per vol., 50 cents.

Lovell's International Series: An Old Maid's Love, by Maarten Maartens; Sunny Stories, and some Shady Ones, by James Payn; My First Love and My Last Love, by Mrs. J. H. Riddell; Ties—Human and Divine, by B. L. Fargeon. Per vol., 50 cents.

Lippincott's Select Novels: Mary St. John, by Rosa Nouchette Carey. 50 cents.

Appleton's Town and Country Library: The Three Miss Kings, by Ada Cambridge; A Matter of Skill, by Beatrice Whitby. Per vol., 50 cents.

MYTHOLOGY.

Studies of the Gods in Greece at Certain Sanctuaries recently Excavated: Being Eight Lectures by Louis Dyer, B.A. 12mo, pp. 457, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$2.50.

SCIENCE.

Taxidermy and Zoological Collecting: A Complete Handbook for the Amateur. By William T. Hornaday, author of "Two Years in the Jungle." With chapter on Collecting Insects, by W. J. Holland, Ph.D. Illus., 8vo, pp. 362. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

Electricity, and Its Recent Applications. By Edward Trevert, author of "Experimental Electricity." Illus., sq. 16mo, pp. 346. Bubber Pub'g Co. \$2.00.

Appleton's Evolution Series: The Evolution of Electric and Magnetic Physics, by Arthur E. Kennelly; The Evolution of Chemistry, by Robert G. Eccles, M.D. Each, paper, 10 cents.

TRAVEL—GUIDE-BOOKS.

The Voyages and Adventures of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, the Portuguese. Done into English by Henry Cogan. Illus., 8vo, pp. 464. Macmillan's "Adventure Series." \$1.50.

The Canadian Guide-Book: The Tourist's and Sportsman's Guide to Eastern Canada and Newfoundland. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Illus., 16mo, pp. 270. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

Appleton's Handbook of Summer Resorts. With maps, etc., 16mo, pp. 202. D. Appleton & Co. Paper, 50 cents.

REFERENCE-BOOKS.

Chambers's Encyclopaedia: A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. New edition, Vol. VII., Maltebrun to Pearson. 4to, pp. 828. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.00.

American Dictionary of Printing and Bookmaking: Technical, Historical, and Biographical. In 12 parts. Part II., illus., 4to, pp. 47. H. Lockwood & Co.

GARDENING AND FORESTRY.

Landscape Gardening: Notes and Suggestions on Lawns and Lawn Planting, etc. By Samuel Parsons, Jr. Illus., 4to, pp. 329, gilt top, uncut. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

Forests and Forestry: At Home and Abroad. Three Essays by Gifford Pinchot, and others. 8vo, pp. 101. Am. Economic Ass'n Publications. Paper, 75 cents.

JUVENILE.

Rob: A Story for Boys. By Margaret Sidney, author of "Five Little Peppers." Illus., 16mo, pp. 245. D. Lothrop Co. \$1.00.

MISCELLANEOUS.

How to Shade from Models, Common Objects, and Casts of Ornament. By W. E. Sparkes. Illus., 16mo, pp. 62. Cassell Pub'g Co. \$1.50.

Yawning. By Henrietta Russell. 16mo, pp. 175. J. W. Lovell Co. \$1.00.

What to Eat, How to Serve It. By Christine Terhune Herrick, author of "Housekeeping Made Easy." 16mo, pp. 309. Harper & Bros. \$1.00.

American Leads at Whist: With Directions for Play. By Fisher Ames. 16mo, pp. 20. Charles Scribner's Sons. Paper, 25 cents.

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